

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 16.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM.

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EATON W. MAXCY,

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Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

"BACHELOR'S BUTTONS."

Mr. Maxcy, Sir—A Lady at Orange Springs, (N. Y.) some time since transmitted to a single gentleman, in the city of New-York, an anonymous note, written in a playful manner, inscribed "*To Nihil*," and enclosing two of the flowers commonly called "*Bachelors' Buttons*." The note has called forth the following reply, which you are respectfully requested to publish. I will just observe, 'that a writer who holds a pen like this, should not suffer it to lie idle.'

THOMAS.

To the unknown Lady at Orange Springs.

MADAM—Although it may imply an egregious vanity to regard the present I received, other than as a quiz, yet female attentions, of any sort, are so seldom bestowed on me, that I am resolved to shut my eyes to its obvious bearing, and to believe, (like a good Catholic, against my better judgment,) that it was intended as a serious compliment. And a serious one it is; so serious, that I am induced, upon further reflection, to wish I could find refuge in my vanity from the imputation which its properties, name and inscription, seem so clearly to indicate.

You are, doubtless, aware, that an impartial trial is considered a matter of common right in our country; and so great is the benignity of the laws, that the accused in our courts of justice is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. Imagine, then, the pungency of my regret, when I found myself condemned without evidence, and debarred even the felon's privilege of a hearing; and that, too, by a tribunal from which there is no appeal! My despair would have been complete, but for the conviction that the fair are usually merciful; and, although infliction is not more easily endured because it is imposed by the hand of beauty, yet I am induced to lay my case before you, not indeed with the hope of redress, but with the faint expectation of exciting your pity.

Thus stands the charge against me:—Two emblematic flowers are presented, prickly, rough, destitute of fragrance, and inscribed "*To Nihil*"—plainly intimating that I am *nothing*, worse than *nothing*—positively *bad*—bad even as a *bachelor*—bad as two bachelors!

How intolerable! the very climax of denunciation!

Were I conscious that my case is as indefensible as that of a bachelor, I would not presume to offer a word in palliation of the charge. But mine, I contend, is a venial offence, or rather an involuntary and remediless misfortune; and it is to relieve myself from an accusation so derogatory in its nature, and so blasting in its effects, that I must be permitted to state, (and I have a witness to prove the truth of my statement,) that I have *once worn*, and not *unwillingly*, the silken chain of *Hymen*.

Yet what can a poor widower do? Or what excuse will be accepted for not thrusting his neck a second time into the matrimonial noose? Reasons he may have, as plenty as Sir John Falstaff; but how cruel the dilemma, either to admit the disparaging imputation by the present, or to disclose the mortifying secret! * * * * * As the least of two evils, the latter alternative is preferred; nor shall I forbear, when thus brought to the stool of penitence, to confess, not only my individual calamities, but those of the brotherhood.

If, in due time, the hapless widower addresses some blithesome maiden, and attempts to breathe soft rapture in her ear, after a prolonged period of suspense, (let me not for the world say *coquetry*,) he is told of the exhausting properties of a first love, and sneeringly advised to seek a mate among the widows. If he has children, still more unpropitious is his suit; for who could endure to be a mother-in-law! To the widows, then, in solemn form, and with longitude of phiz, the dejected suitor applies. And what is his reception there? He is not only reminded of his first love, but of his late rejection. She is not to be the *third* in the range of his affections—not she! Perhaps her ladyship also has children, and what a *minglement*! Conflicting interests, partialities, squabbles, quarrels—*whew*! No, Sir, pass on. Onward he goes, year after year, upon the same interminable pilgrimage. Each successive defeat is the more certain precursor of that which is to follow. He thus grows old in the pursuit; and when at last he finds himself the scorn of the sex, and withdraws from society, he is followed even into his seclusion by taunts and reproaches. His very misfortunes, instead of conciliating respect, are converted into crimes; and although his life may have been a continued series of devotions to the fair, yet not only gratitude but common justice is denied him! After sighing out, from time to time, the ardent, dolorous—"may I presume to hope"—and all that sort of thing, and shivering under the cold response of—"must beg to be excused"—and every thing in the world;

to be then sunk down upon the scale of deterioration, to the level of *bachelors*, who never cared enough for the sex to hazard the mortification of refusal, is really too much for human nature to sustain. Yet such is our melancholy lot! After having endured perhaps a dozen refusals, and as many rejections and dismissals, (for thrice happy is the widower whose experience has not enabled him to distinguish very accurately between these heart-cutting terms,) and retired in absolute and hopeless despondence from the field, he has not even the melancholy credit allowed him of his former entrance into the connubial state, nor of his thousand subsequent efforts to resume it, but by a fatal present, (more fatal than the poisoned tunic of Nessus,) he is degraded to *nothing* in society. Instead of the star and garter, as a reward for his zeal and perseverance, he is decorated with two ungenial, inodorous plants, whose very name carries frost to the heart. Such, alas! are the trophies of female gratitude! The fair, relentless tyrants, like the Holy Alliance, are willing enough to enslave, and bring a subjugated world to their feet; but worse than the Despots of Verona, they are not satisfied with submission, and the surrender of liberty, but break his proffered fetters over the head of the suppliant.

Would that these were ideal woes! Woes and indignities that none but a widower can feel or justly appreciate.

If Sparta decreed public honors to the matron who sent forth numerous sons to bleed and fall in defence of their country, what wreath of glory should not be awarded to the intrepid widower, who "many a sad time and oft" has bared his heart to the fair archer's aim? Yet such is the proof of this world's justice. All his tilts, tournaments, and perilous adventures, are requited by being driven, not merely from society, but from existence—turned into absolute *nihil*ity; and that, too, by the magic influence of a pair of changeless flowers that have not sensibility enough to fade, whose tints no culture can improve, and no neglect can blanch.

Although the writer ventures to cherish no hope of recal for himself to the regions of light and life, yet he begs, in the name and for the sake of justice, that a similar decree may not again go forth, without previous examination, against any of his brethren in adversity. Allow them a patient hearing and a fair trial. If they prove themselves to have been, (during their widowhood,) *nine* times repulsed, rejected, refused, or dismissed, let a favourable decree be awarded, accompanied by a certificate that *they have done their duty*. But on the other hand, if no such proofs can be adduced, and they are found to be guilty of the sin of *wilful bachelorism*—then, indeed, they will be entitled to no sympathy nor favor: like the fatal emblem they resemble, they must sink back upon the stalk on which they grew, unpitied and forgotten.

NIHIL.

THE INSOLVENT.

'I have a matter to mention to you in confidence,' said young Mr. Grist to his neighbor Peter Prince, one morning. 'You see I have got together a very handsome property, two farms, three or four houses, and, with all, enough to support me during the remainder of my days in peace and plenty.'

'It gives me great pleasure to learn, (said the old man,) 'that my young friend has been so fortunate as, in a few years, to realize what I have been aiming at for forty, and have hardly gained—an independence—and all by honest thrift, doubtless.'

'Honest, aye, you know I always sustained a clear reputation; but there is one grand point to gain yet; a finishing stroke to put to the business, and I must have your assistance.'

'At your service,' said Mr. Prince, 'what shall I do for you?'

'My debts, my debts, Peter, they are in the way: I must apply the brush to them, or I shall never be worth a groat. The *Insolvent Act*, you know, will fix this matter, and for the present I wish you to take a conveyance of all my property, while I slip through the crucible.'

Mr. Prince was a purely honest man, of the old school, but he had lived too long in the modern world to fall into hystericks at the bare mention of such a proposal. He neither started, nor turned pale, nor pricked up his ears; but modestly told Mr. Grist, that he was sorry to hear such a proposition from him; and suggested, in the most polite terms, his doubts as to the entire correctness of such a course as he had mentioned.

But Grist, however, had been taught in a far less conscientious school. What the last generation would have called swindling, or theft, or downright roguery, he had learned to distinguish by the less grating appellations of cunning, shrewdness and craft. To make away one's property for the purpose of defrauding honest creditors, Ned Grist, like a good many other fashionables, considered rather as an act of superior wisdom, than as a scandalous and degrading crime; and that a man deserved praise for it, instead of deserving a room in the State Prison. Acting on this theory himself; having long held it; and seeing, moreover, numerous instances around him in the world, not only of men acquiring property in this very way, but of men, who, having thus acquired their fortunes, lived in the world honored and courted—it was scarcely to be wondered at that he should importune Mr. Prince to assist him—for even these fashionable rogues seldom venture to trust one another.

'And what then,' asked Mr. Prince, 'will you do with your creditors of the Great Spring factories?'

'They must all have the cut,' replied Grist; 'I intend to deal with perfect honor and fairness in this business; and it shall never be said that I made fish of one and flesh of another.'

'What, then, cut off the widows and orphans, the poor day-laborers and mechanics, will you have no mercy on them?'

'Mercy!' replied Grist, rather astonished at the singular turn the conversation was taking—'you'll allow, Mr. Prince, that mercy, like charity, ought to begin at home, and the step I am about taking is ab-

solutely necessary to preserve my property; I must take care of myself first, therefore.'

'Excellent reasoning,' said Peter, 'wait until tomorrow, and I will be ready with an answer.'

'It is well,' said the young gentleman, rather out of humor that his neighbor should be so scrupulous, 'but remember, if you decline the honor, I can easily find a friend who will not.'

They parted, and Mr. Prince, after giving the case a thorough consideration, took up his determination. The next morning his friend called on him again, and found him willing to undertake the trust; the deeds were regularly made out and acknowledged; Mr. Prince became the legal owner of all Grist's property.

To complete the game was an easy task. Grist put on a long face, and, while he laughed in his sleeve, plead perfect poverty; went on the limits; swore he was not worth five pounds, &c. &c. and came out a new member of society; able, as he boasted, to snap his fingers at the world, as he owed nothing. But the Devil sometimes cheats his customers when they little dream of it.

A few weeks after his liberation, Grist called upon the old gentleman to release him from his agency, by making a final settlement of the property in his family. Mr. Prince met him with a grave face, and, in answer, told him that he could not, by any means, acknowledge that his neighbor Grist had any interest or right whatever in or to the property in question; because, to entertain such an idea, would be to charge him directly with committing perjury, when he swore he had no such right or interest. And that, further, as the property really in fact belonged to other people than Mr. Grist, having been purchased out of their money, he felt it his duty to put the true owners in possession.

Mr. Grist was thunderstruck—and after in vain attempting to persuade himself and Prince that this new idea was all a joke, he abandoned the ground in utter despair; and after two or three fits of melancholy, turned himself over to labor for a decent livelihood. In the mean time Mr. Prince called the creditors of the insolvent together, and made a fair distribution of the whole estate among them.

SORROWS OF AMELIA.

The sun shone in its vernal splendor, when the fair Amelia, accustomed to take a diurnal tour, sallied into the field to contemplate and admire the beauties of the dawning year. The elegance of the prospect, the fragrance of odoriferous flowers, the resounding noise of a bubbling fountain, the innocent melody of the feathered choir, and the serenity of a beautiful atmosphere, conspired to excite in her tender bosom the most pleasing and grateful emotions. Regaled by her delightful rambles, she returned to enjoy the sweets of domestic contemplation. With the florid pencil of fancy, she pictured to herself a brilliant scene of uninterrupted delights, at some future period. But unhappily for Amelia, this was the last of all her pleasures. So transitory is human felicity! She was endued by nature with every innocent virtue and fine accomplishment that could command the admiration and esteem of all her friends and associates.

The elegance of her person attracted and charmed; yet the suavity of her mind surpassed all her external perfections. She was unrivalled in sweetness and tender sensibility, and the gentleness of her bosom illumined the lineaments of her lovely countenance. In her infantile years she was deprived of the tender care of paternal affection, and her blooming beauty was exposed to all the fascinating snares of artful dissimulation. The only foible which the delicate Amelia possessed was an unsuspecting breast, and too lavish of esteem. Unversed in the secret villanies of a base degenerate world, she ever imagined that all mankind were spotless as herself. But, alas! this too fatal credulity was the source of all her misfortunes.

Scarcely had she arrived at her sixteenth year, when the perfidious Alonzo, by his persuasive flattery and external charms, ensnared her susceptible heart, and under the most sacred promises of matrimony, betrayed her female innocence.

Ye generous fair, censure not the deluded Amelia, nor withhold the tear of commiseration—for you are sensible that baneful flattery, like efficacious laudanum, too often seals the eye of juvenile prudence. Her sensibility was too refined to sustain the reproach of a censorious world, therefore she embraced death by swallowing a potion of poison. Had she enjoyed the advantages of a kind and faithful monitor, to guide all her actions and check the little rising weeds of youthful folly, she might have triumphed over the arts of Alonzo, and proved one of the fairest blossoms in that garden of society; this, unhappily, was not her lot, and therefore, like a tender flower, she withered in her bloom. Oh! fair Amelia, peace to thy lovely ashes; may perennial myrtles deck thy hallowed tomb; may virgin sisters waft you to your native skies, and sensibility ever drop a tear at the remembrance of thy misfortune!

As soon as the depraved Alonzo was informed of the death of the amiable Amelia, his breast was filled with the most poignant remorse; and guilt, with all its infernal retinue, assailed his disordered imagination. The untimely fate of Amelia damped all his enjoyments; for when the thoughtless career of voluptuousness is over, the gay phantoms of pleasure shine with diminished lustre, and reflection will resume her violated empire. Not all the most licentious scenes of folly, or the vain splendor of pomp and parade, could possibly dissipate the gloom which enveloped his mind; he was haunted with all the solitudes of a persecuted conscience. Sensible of his guilt, his mind sunk into a desponding melancholy, which soon put a period to his miserable existence.

Ye who enshrine the blushing morn of existence, learn instruction from the fate of Alonzo, and at the earliest period, check the disposition which would prompt you to spread toils for unsuspecting innocence. Guilt will destroy the bliss of the seducer, intrude on his morning pleasures, and damp his evening joys.

THE QUAKER'S GREAT COAT.

Dr. Chovet, an eminent physician, and celebrated for his wit, was once on his way to visit a patient, when he was overtaken by a shower of rain. He stopped into the house of Mr. F——, a Quaker

with whom he was intimate, and asked him for the loan of his great coat, umbrellas being at that time almost unknown. Mr. F—— told him he would lend it, provided he would agree to one condition. 'Well, (said the Doctor,) what is the condition?'— 'Why, Doctor, all that I shall require of thee is, that thou wilt promise not to *swear* during the time thou hast my coat on.' 'A—— hard condition, (replied the Doctor,) but as I am in a hurry, and do not wish to get wet, I agree to it.' The coat was then handed to him, he put it on, and pursued his way to his patient. The next day, when he returned it, he was asked by Mr. F——, (who was as noted for his mendacity as the Doctor was for his profanity,) whether he had fulfilled the condition? 'Why, yes, (said the Doctor,) but I would sooner consent to be wet to the skin than to put on a *coat of yours* again, for during the whole time I had it on, I never in all my life felt such—— *itch for lying.*'

A PIG OUTWITTED.

Matthews, in one of his entertainments, raises a hearty laugh, by telling the following story of an Irishman driving a Pig:—Animals of this species are well known for their obstinacy, and for their perseverance in endeavoring to go any way but that which you wish them to take. Matthews asked the Irish bogtrotter where he was taking the Pig? and the following colloquy ensues—'Spake lower, your honor; pray spake lower.' 'Why should I speak lower—I only ask you whither you are driving the Pig?' 'Spake lower.' 'What reason can you have for not answering so trifling a question?' 'Why, sure, I would answer your swate honor any thing, but I am afraid he'd hare me.' 'What then?' 'Then he'll not go, for I am taking him to Cork, but make him believe he's going to Fermoy.'

FEMALE SPIRIT.

Not long since a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church door, the gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her:—'My dear Eliza, during our courtship, I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole; when we are married, I shall insist upon three things.' 'What are they?' asked the lady. 'In the first place,' said the bridegroom, 'I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault when there is no occasion.' 'O, yes, sir, very easily,' was the reply, 'for, if you sleep alone, I shall not; if you eat alone, I shall eat first; and as to your finding fault without occasion, that, I think, may be prevented—for I will take care you shall never want occasion.' They then immediately proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

A FRIENDLY REPLY.

A Quaker, who was examined before a court, not using any other language than 'thee,' 'thou,' and 'friend,' was asked by the presiding Judge—'Pray, Mr. ——, do you know what we sit here for?'— 'Yea, verily, I do,' replied the Quaker, 'three of you for two dollars each, a day, and the fat one, on the right, for one thousand dollars a year.'

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Miss Melon, walking in a garden at Plymouth, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, the proprietor informed the company that they might eat plenty of fruit, for there was none forbidden in the garden.— "Excepting the *Melon*," replied the sprightly actress.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Maxcy—Sir—I send you a copy of a few lines which I found in the street. They were probably written by some love-sick swain; and if I guess right, as to the object of his enthusiasm, I am half inclined to agree with him, and beg your Poet's corner.

Yours, &c.

I. S.

TO A. B. S.

Who is that, with form so fair,
Heavenly smile and graceful air,
Thrilling voice, with music in it—
More than any Lark or Linnet?
Tell me if you ever saw
Such *naivete* and *je ne sais quoi*!
If she speaks, or if she dances,
Equally my soul entrances.
Dancing, speaking, singing, smiling;
How enchanting! how beguiling!
Bewitching Fairy! Plays may be
A joke to you, but truth to—ME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Sir—The following exquisitely sweet production, entitled "*The Venetian Boat Song*," is extracted from a late number of the Irish Melodies, published by Thomas Moore, in conjunction with Sir John Stevenson. I have no doubt but that you will, with me, estimate it highly, and allow it to deck the Poet's corner.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SELIM.

Row gently here, my gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear, on earth may hear,
But her's to whom we glide.

Had heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see;
Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering youths like me.

Now, rest thee here, my gondolier,
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light balcony's height,
Whilst thou keep'st watch below.

Oh! did we take, for heav'n above,

But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What angels we should be.

THE WEDDING.

Two bright beings I saw, in unsorrowing youth,
Pledge their holiest vows in the language of truth,
And declare that while life's bounding pulses should
roll—
Thus lastingly—soul should be blended with soul.

He stood in the pride of his youth, a fair form,
His spirits yet noble, his feelings yet warm;
An eagle to shelter the dove with his wing;
An elm, where the light-twining tendrils might cling.

Some dark curling tresses—a beautiful braid,
Interwoven with flowers, on her forehead was laid;
A pure golden chain o'er her white neck was thrown,
And a pale azure girdle encircled her zone.

Her robe was as white as the ocean-wave's foam,
Or as snow when it rests in its far-away home,
Ere it leaves the high, heavenly place of its birth,
To melt and be lost on our desolate earth.

And I thought, too, while silently gazing on them,
That their bosoms were brighten'd with love's peer-
less gem—

And that hope had thrown o'er life's thorn-planted
way,
Her loveliest bloom and her sunniest ray—

That laughing ey'd joy had just routed old care,
And, crown'd with new roses, was revelling there;
He smil'd and declar'd that his day should not end
While music would sooth him, or beauty would tend.

I sighed to think, and I trembl'd to fear,
That love might be jogging in one little year;
That hope's mountain rose might soon wither & fade,
And joy in the cold grave of sorrow be laid.

But I pray'd and I hop'd that it might not be so,
That still they should love both in weal and in woe;
And the chain they have link'd in life's sorrowless
prime,
Might not be corroded nor weakened by time.

THE MISER'S LOVE SONG.

Boast not to me the charms that grace
The finest form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom, and feature, I despise:
Wealth, wealth is beauty to the wise.

Come, then, my Cressa, fill my arms
With all thy various store of charms;
Charms that of Time defy the rage,
And laugh at wrinkles and old age.

Come, then, oh come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
Oh! bring the deeds of thy estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages, and plate.

Still keep, unseen, those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasures in the stocks;
Oh! hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest.

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose,
Which, in those cheeks, unheeded, blows :
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,
Give me thy India bonds and scrip.

Can ought with those bright eyes compare ?
Thy diamonds, Nymph, still brighter are.
Can ought those pearly teeth excel ?
Thy pearls themselves please me as well.

Say, dost thou boast that beauteous arm ?
Its bracelets boasts a richer charm :
Those fingers, too, are lovely things,
But lovelier, far, their brilliant rings.

My passion, Nymph, brooks no delay,
For charms which never feel decay,
Charms which will mock thy fleeting breath,
And yield their raptures after death.

TO ———

When'er you think on days gone by,
On brighter scenes and happier hours,
Let me be in your memory
As a faded leaf 'mid fragrant flowers.

And when my name shall meet your ear,
If it wake a slumb'ring thought of me,
Oh, give the past one silent tear,
Nor let that name forgotten be.

Those halcyon days, so brief and bright,
Which once made life a dream of bliss,
Now seem, while all around is night,
Like green spots in a wilderness.

But tho' my early dreams have fled,
And their charms can ne'er return,
When every spark of hope is dead,
'Tis vain o'er vanish'd joys to mourn.

Then—fare-thee-well—I'll not complain,
For all that fate can do is o'er ;
But, if we should not meet again—
Remember me—I ask no more. W. G. M.

COMPARISONS.

Man is the rugged lofty pine
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore ;
Woman the slender graceful vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock whose towering crest,
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side ;
Woman's the soft and mossy vest,
That loves to clasp its fertile breast,
And wreath its brow in verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's merky plume ;
Save where the sun-beam, light and warm,
Of woman's soul and woman's form,
Gleams lightly on the gathering gloom.

Yes, lovely sex, to you 'tis given
To wile our hearts with angel sway ;
Blend with each woe a blissful leaven,
Change earth into an embryo heaven,
And sweetly smile our cares away.

EPIGRAM.

On Tuesday next, says Tom to Ned,
I'll dine with thee, and take a bed.
You may believe him, William cries,
For where he dines he always lies.

SONG.

Were mine the simple Shepherd's lot,
A straw-roof'd shed my dwelling,
Thrice happy still I'd deem my cot—
So it were blest with Ellen.*

Had I a King's imperial state,
A palace for my dwelling,
How joyless still would be my fate—
Unless my Queen were Ellen. YORICK.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1825.

ANOTHER FAIR OFFER.

On the mournfully merry matter of matrimonial connexions, the editor of the National *Egis* observes, that he will cheerfully inform the friends of the parties, that they have been married or hanged, or that any other unfortunate *accident* has befallen them, if sufficiently authorized so to do. Every certificate of marriage, under the proper hand of the bridegroom or bride, or even of any acquaintance, if duly authenticated by an accompanying slice of the *Wedding Cake*, shall be printed with the fairest types that can be mustered for the *melancholy* occasion.

LEGISLATIVE.

A Bill was introduced into the Tennessee Legislature, at its late session, by Mr. Camp, "to prohibit persons, under age, from marrying, without consent of their parents or guardians," which, after having undergone two separate discussions, in which it was warmly opposed by several members, who argued against the policy of putting "*bridles upon the mountain girls*," and of driving them across the State line to marry, was finally rejected, by a vote of 28 to 11. The Nashville Whig says—"there are many *dry eyes*, particularly among the fair sex, on the occasion."

A LITTLE WIT.

A late Boston paper gives the following laughable account of a wager which was made a short time since by two tradesmen of that place—one of them a close set little one, and the other a very tall huge man, in consequence of the latter boasting of his superior strength of body, by which the little one undertook to carry, a considerable distance, *two sacks* of wheat, each to contain *four* bushels, sixty pounds weight each. The little one accordingly procured one sack, and put four bushels of wheat into it, and then *drew the second sack over it*, and contended that both sacks contained four bushels, which he carried with ease. The big man at first took it very ill, and cavilled a good deal at being taken in by the little one ; but the stake-holder having decided that both sacks *did* contain the quantity of wheat agreed on, and that he had consequently lost the wager, he cheerfully consented to pay it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of "Eugene" is thankfully received, and shall appear in our next.
"Susan" has also been received.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Monday evening last, by Rev. J. N. Brown, Mr. John R. Colton, to Miss Almira Tanner, both of this town.

In Bristol, on Wednesday morning last, by Rev. Mr. Mann, Capt. Comfort Paine, to Miss Betsey P. Fales, of the former place.

In Henrietta, N. Y. Captain Samuel Currier, to Miss Mary Archer. This is the *seventh* wife of Captain Currier ; his *sixth* was buried but three weeks before he espoused the *seventh*.

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing."

N. B.—Since the above was in type, we learn that Mrs. C. has, *with or without* provocation, left the bed and board of Captain Currier, leaving him again a "disconsolate widower."—*Rochester paper*.

[This reminds us of the following adage :—"A short horse is soon curried."]



DIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, very suddenly, Mrs. Susan S. Reynolds, wife of Mr. Thomas Reynolds, and daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Dunham, formerly of Newport, in the 51st year of her age.

On Monday evening last, Mrs. Mary Fuller, in the 87th year of her age, wife of the late Mr. Nathaniel Fuller—leaving upwards of *three hundred descendants*, several of them of the fifth generation.

On Thursday evening last, Miss Clarissa Richmond, eldest daughter of William Richmond, 2d, aged 30 years.

Same evening, Mrs. Mary Comstock, wife of Captain Benjamin Comstock, and daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Winsor, of Gloucester, aged 71 years.

In Warwick, on the 1st instant, Mr. Philip Budlong, of Richmond, Vir. in the 37th year of his age.

In Attleborough, Mass. on the eleventh of August, Mr. Noah Clafin, aged ninety-one years.

In Dighton, Mass. on the 7th ultimo, Silva Clapp, aged seventy-six years.

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